

Whirling birds of fire feathers fly
The Cloud Forest raindrops glistening in the sky
Through the mountain peaks I hear a cry
A girl leaps from the rocks, I see her puma eyes

Taking on the moon
Waiting for her chance
Reaching for the sun
Moving in a trance

From a serpent's mouth the water flows
Cascading to the sacred valley deep below
Through the rocks she spirals on her way
Her steps now lead me closer to the drums that play

Taking on the moon
Waiting for her chance
Reaching for the sun
Moving in a trance